# ETHE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN. A

Translated for the Living Age From the French of Andre Bellesort in Revue des Deux Mondes,

HE Empire of Japan contains about three hundred thousand temples, chapels and sanctuaries -Buddhist and Shintoist- and a hundred and fifty thousand briests, preachfriars, priests priestesses. Its highways are full of pilominations-pil-

e Hundred Temples, pilgrims stern Province, pitgrims of Provinces-of whom some some little drums. As for wayside Calvaries nite saints, so the hills their Buddhas carved who-mitre on head -bear a strong reimages, Every at by-ways and on soli-along the fields, about beside the streams ing corn, suspended on e houghs of trees, or to a stick stuck in the ee the gohel, a bit of lace as a scarecrow for birds also a divine symbol, d itself a god who drives away both we and evil spirits and protects alike ripening harvest, and the souls of Every house, rich or poor, has altar to its ancestors; where sticks neense, cups of sake and offerings flowers are presented to frice and nowers are presented to hem before the tablets on which are isribed in Chinese characters the isrbumous names of the departed uls. All children are taken to a temwhite the control are taken to a tem-sle-thirty-one days after their birth, they are boys, thirty-three if they regirls—and dedicated to some divinwho will act as guardian angel to infant. All the dead, with folded the infant. All the dead, of the lorder hands and set upright upon their heers in their coffina are accompanied to the place of burial by bonzes or kanushi. The gods are associated with every festival, and not a week passes but some quarter of the city lights up its temples and does homage to its patron. ples and does nomage to its patron.
The lovelest sites are always reserved
for places of prayer, where at every
step you encounter an altar or a portico, or a sacred stone, or a bit of straw
cord, which remind you that the smile
of nature is here made more bright by sence of a supernatural host. In the presence of a sole sole cherry-biossom time, when the people make holiday, and the whole city repairs to the Park of Oyeno, the Buddhist temples, where a soft twilight, pierced by points of candle-light veils and softens the the forms of the idols and softens the endor of lacquer and bronze, enhance the ecstasy of the spring by the the beating of drums and the strains sylvan pipes. Priests glide about among the altars like magnificent stades. Farther off, upon the plat-form within the Shinto precincts

while the crowd performs its devotions and partakes its banquets, murmuring softly all the time, amid the dazzling whiteness of the flowers and the intoxication of their faint bitter-sweet perfume. For ages, nothing has changed upon the soil of Japan—neith owers, the music or the dances, the And still, Christianity and the philos. phies of Europe have penetrated the try and are making their Tokio had its parishes now, and its parish churches, and the spire of thedral springs heavenward from the mer of Kloto. The Roman cross minates the ports of Hakodate and ansaki at the northern and southern Transities of the empire. In their wake we Russian popes and Protestant stors conducting their own propagan-

which is reserved for dancing, the little

lestesses, with slow gesticulation

slebrate their own mysterious rite.

a I cannot here describe the impresm made upon me by the vast mass the orthodox church standing as it s just opposite the emperor's palate and actually dwarfing a whole charter of the capital. Anglicans, ssbyterians, Methodists. tists, Unitarians even—all the reformed cts-vie with one another in zeal, and mish one no less by the varieties their architecture. Some twentybusand Japanese are converts to. ristianity. And in this land, where istians once endured so severe a ical persecution, not only do auzed ministers freely dispute the of souls, but the grossest prises of mysticism are developed most lawless fashion, and no-minds. I have even seen the Sal-

tion Army workers with their drums The general impression has been that panese are indifferent about ren-their relations with the Deity g those of mere politeness. They vine in whatever shape it and, by way of making speak its favor for their give it a large share in Their inquisitive restas been said, causes them gaily

new gods; but the moment is appeased they turn back practices. Their innu-pels are only lightningnce against a problematihey take the precaution hem in places where hu-as is not wont to resist The plous expend more for for wax, and their furnish a screen for their ses. Buddhists or Shintodly know themselves what rather they are either or ng to the time and circumfaithful appear to be attached to the gods than lings of the gods. A temple cessarily change its clientele ges its patron. The Amida hist was enthroned here and tomorrow the Shintoist reflect the Sun's divinity, worshippers

prayers and strike their tinkling he Japanese put themselves divinities. divinities. Their devotion imbered by the stiff and onies which prevail in sond on public occasions. They their homage. They have a use of visiting-cards, and at the feet of idols and pon famous tombs. A well-lese will turn down his card rd Buddha or the divine Hachi-r the souls of the forty-seven By almost unanimous consent anese—unprejudiced but courtonical and superstitious—give vinities all the more ample visi-

Never question a Japanese about his religious convictions. You would be asking him what he has probably never asked himself. He never feels the need of sharing his piety with those about him. The plets is enviously reabout him. That plety is curiously reserved and slient. I have many a time visited the popular temples of Tokio, but never once have I received the impression of an example of suppliers. but never once have I received the impression of an assembly of communicants making the same prayer to the same god. They come in one by one, perform whatever rites they please, uncover sometimes, and sometimes not, bow or prostrate themselves, pause or prostrate themselves, pau pass; every man manifesting by his at-titude his full confidence in the divinity whom he addresses, or his half-confidence or his quarter-confidence. Nothing suggests the silent effusion of hearts that are similarly touched or convicted; but, on the other hand, no man questions the sincerity of another's prayers. Their eyes do not peep from under half-closed lids in impertinent scrutiny of the devotions of others. The surly the devotions of others. The surly controversies of the Buddhist sects af fect the mass of the people no more than the rivalries of merchants affect than the rivaries of increases the ordinary buyer. They are the quarrels of monks who so far from following the quest of truth, are bitterly disputing one with another.

Japanese apostles are usually enthusiastic recluses; Japanese bigots are

siastic recluses; Japanese bigots are taciturn visionaries; Japanese doubters are merely indifferent. The gods do not draw human souls together, but neither do they divide them. Naught is known here of damnable errors or burning heresies or passionate schisms.

Objections are made to their supersitions, their pitiable superstitions! Such it is, no doubt, to attribute to a fox the power of bewitching a man, But similar producies teem in the rural districts of the West—whether they be inhabited by Catholics, Lutherans or Orthodox Greeks. Orthodox Greeks.

Ever tolerant in temper and distrust-

ful of exclusive deities, apparently de-tached, and yet essentially reverential toward the mystery in which our life is involved, the Japanese neither push their faith to the point of moral certitude, nor their scepticism to the point of negation. They are able to rest in the provisional, and, in religion as in politics, their inward peace is founded upon equivocations. Shintoism and upon equivocations. Shintoism and Buddhism have divided the conscience of Japan between them for fifteen hundred years without ever rending it

When a cultivated Japanese talks to you about Shintoism, he is apt to speak either vaguely and rather contemptuously or with the constrained air of a parvenu who has been reminded of his humble origin. But when you reflect that the same man feels a similar repugnance to receiving you in his house at all, and that politeness, as he conceives it, consists in belittling all that belongs to him, and of which he is especially fond, you begin to suspect that behind a religion, restored and made official for purely political purposes, there may lurk no end of senti ments and traditions which are all the more precious to your interlocutor be cause he dissimulates, or affects to de spise them. Shintoism is not merely the cuit of imperial majesty; it is the religion of Japanese nationalism. It is to the Shintoist temples, or mya, that new-born infants are taken and when the invisible god passes, delicately clothed in lace, it is the Shintoist gohei who decides what the infant shall be called. The child may subsequently adopt the doctrine of Confucius or the visions of Amida, he may even yield to the persuasions of proselyting for-eigners; but he has been baptized a Shintoist, and the ancient gods of his country have taken him into their keeping to such good purpose that the soul of him will never lose their simple and yet stately impress.

An extremely conservative, yet openminded Japanese one day said to me: "We are all Shintoists; and you, monsieur, to whom I speak, you are one too! When I traveled in France I saw everywhere in your colleges and town-houses busts of the Republic. Well, that is Shintoism!"

I have made a point of reading Shin-toist books and of consulting those priests who have a special repute for wisdom. Honest folk I found themone and all-these sacristans and churchwardens of the imperial cult; good fathers of families and conscien-tious in the discharge of their duties, but as weak in theology as they were poor in philosophy. They welcomed me to their houses which adjoin the temples and the houses were all ty and spotlessly clean. I looked in vain for the kakemono which the humbles peasant unrolls upon the wall of his alcove, for the flower in the bronze vase which suggests all the flowers that blow, or the dwarf tree which is the symbol of an entire forest. The

tiny tree, so eloquently gnarled and twisted, the single flower, the decorative painting—all these Buddhist ornaments were absent from the archaic dwelling where the gentle spirit of Japan abandons itself to

Nevertheless, my hosts, as they knelt upon their mats, beside their tea cups contrived to initiate me into their theogony. I was made to perceive by the senses both of sight and smell how the gods were originally brought forth, which was not very unlike the mytholwhich was not very unlike the mythology of the ancient Greeks. Their legends are no less rich than those whereby the Aryan genius attained to a consciousness of itself and of the universe. We find again, in them, the sublime absurdities which would seem in the religion of every property. in the religion of every people to carry of a primitive revelation; for, proof of a primitive revelation; for, strange as it may appear, not only have all races experienced the same need of faith, but the imagination of all has been dominated by the same delirlous dreams. These legends are like truits of Eden plucked by humanity from the off-shoots of its own cradle. Their philosophers, instead of interpreting these legends, have gone into childing these legends, have gone into childish ecstasies over their improbabilities. The ablest of them have discovered The ablest of them have discovered under the heap of ruin into which their mythology had fallen certain principles imported by the Dutch merchants, and they have used these to turn the Chinese errors into ridicule and to glorify themselves at our expense. "Just look themselves at our expense. "Just look at these barbarians," they said; "what slow and plodding minds theirs must be when it takes them centuries to find out that the earth revolves! We have known it ever since our gods bent over the Chaos on whose surface the earth swam in a soft mass, like floating fat, and began stirring it with their untir-ing spears!" No one of the ancient theogonies, it may be admitted, ever bit upon a finer symbol of the carety. hit upon a finer symbol of the earth's hit upon a finer symbol of the earth's perpetual motion. Japan is the country of the gods; the Japanese people are children of the gods and as such they have their share in the divine wisdom. They know all things congenitally. The difference between them and other nations is not one of degree but of kind.

must not suffer profanation. Cleanil-ness in the house is a simple act of piety. To soil the matting or to throw anything impure into the ashes of the many feel like that honest son of Japan who was traveling in foreign parts, and suffered himself to be exploited by a sharper as a grandson of the Mikado. He was duped and fleeced, of course, at every turn, but remarked when he told me about it afterwards: "I knew very well that it was not true, but it flattered me!" Now Shintoism flatters the Japanese on their impracticable side, which is that of their insular. 

or ill-conducted propaganda would be sure to end in the revolt of a fanaticism rather civic than religious. To touch the dead is to stir up against the intruder the very soil of the coun-try. Yet these multitudinous dead were by no means all good people, and it is customary to appease by offerings those who have left bad reputations behind them. Not that their peevish

dental metaphysic of Buddhism gives it a wonderful fluidity and enables it to assume the most unexpected shapes. It is at once gross and subtle; subtle even in its grossness. Nothing stays it. It penetrates everywhere. It impregnates the old idols with a new meaning; saturates the woods, the rocks, the soil, the men of the country. Native superstitions flock to it, as snakes to the charmer. It tames them, sports with them, juggles with them, it opens schools of asceticism, and shops for the sale of amulets. Its drugs are mixed by philosophers; its prescriptions inixed by philosophers; its prescriptions written out by professors of hypnotism. Its bonzes would have confirmed our encyclopedists in the notion that all religions are the fabrication of priests. They hide, in the bait which they prepare for souls, a homocopathic dose of truth. Detestable or delightful, Buddhism preserves, even in its worst ava-tars, a trace of exalted goodness. That great master of illusion fears not to compromise itself by substituting for the illusions that destroy, the illusions that save us.

that save us.

Its many subterfuges which were made so many vehicles for sanctity, were the prime cause of its success in Japan. It did not require the destruction of the old temples, but merely appropriated their gods, and turned their established ancestor-worship to its own account. There was no apparent change in the country save that the number of its divinities had multiplied and their images become visible. But the elastic diplomacy of Buddhism and the sensuous novelties which it introduced consuous novelties which it introduced contributed yet more powerfully to its triumph. It has been said that Shintoism does not speak to the heart. It might better be said that it does not speak to the senses, Through those unoccupied senses Buddhism slipped softly in and installed itself triumphantly in the soul of Japan.

#### INNOVATION OF BUDDHISM. Not without reason did Hirata, the

venerable Shintoist who recommends the offering of water and flowers to the

dead, condemn incense as abominable. Buddhism tried the effect upon the Japanese of perfume previously un-known. Up to that time no odor had known. Up to that time no odor had pervaded their temples, but that of leafage and of trees freshly stripped of their bark; and the Japanese flowers having more color than aroma, prayer was offered to the gods in an atmosphere pure save for the wholesome smell of humid earth. Religious rites were performed in broad daylight; if in the shade of a grove, still with heaven visible between the overarching boughs. Men held communion with the invisible guite naturally, and with the invisible quite naturally, and with no tension of the nerves. But the moment one passes the porch of a Buddh-ist church, the aisles flanked with lanterns, the emblematic gardens, the stone basins and gilded doors, the red corbels carved into heads of lions, tigers. or rhinoceroses, the columns which, when painted, seem draped with the rich stuffs of Benares, or, if bare, symbolize by the beauty of their veining the glory of some mysterious essence; the panelled ceilings painted in many hues, the brocade, the walls of cedar-wood, sculptured with glorious birds each perched upon the bough of nest-ling amid the foliage proper to its favorite haunt-everything surprises, dazzles and enchants the eye, suggesting a whole sensible universe of form and color, until the gaze is lost in the penumbra of a sanctuary of lacquer and bronze where burning braziers and perfumed candles transmute the intoxication of sight into that of smell.

These temples packed with marvels, these veluptuous museums of nanenti-ty, vast, labyrinthine, ramifying in corridors, prolonging themselves by footbridges, reveal under the pantheistical disorder of their architecture, and bring home to the excited sensibility of the visitant their secret unity. Buddhism awoke the Japanese to a whole world of new sensations, some strange and others fascinating. It imported from India, that ancient fount of miracle for mankind, rituals of exorcism, magic sentences, midnight incantations, and theosophy alluring to all amateurs and especially seductive to women. Out of the elementary tel-epathy of Shintoism it made an occult science. The shyrio, or spirit of the dead, acting upon the living, was distinguished from the inkyrio, or spirit of the living acting upon the living at Necromancers and alchemists began to abound. Mourning mothers were made to see their lost children, more beautiful than at the hour of their birth, passing with a smile along the silent way that crosses the river of tears. The Gaki were heard howling with hunger-which is one of the choicest of th torments reserved by Buddhism for the damned. Voices without resonance uttered prophecies in the temples, and the heaven-sent Tennin were despatched with messages for men, cleav-ing the dark blue skies of night on

their angelic pinions.

Then came Art, and shed a magic light upon all this twilight sorcery. All the art of Japan is born of Buddhism. Bonzes were her sculptors, painters, poets, musicians, potters, weavers and gardeners. From her temple aragardeners. From her temple arabesques to the heiroglyphics graven on the stone, from the sacred frescoes to the smallest picture-books, from dra-matic recitatives to street-songs, from genius of Japan has produced absolutey nothing which does not suggest Buddhist thought, filustrate a Buddh-ist legend or betray a Bunddhist feeling.

Buddhist art has

Buddhist art has developed among the Japanese gentle and refined sensuality; teaching them through the medium of sense-impressions that the most precious realities are but mirages.

Perfumes, gold-lacquer, brocade, glowing dusk of temple interiors, paintings fraught with magical suggestion. a poetry of gleams and shivers, a richness in trivial objects, wholly disproness in trivial objects, wholly dispro-portionate to their importance, incite-ments to dreaming, and the sting of a piercing melancholy! Shintoism had clothed nature with every grace ex-cept the one which Buddhism revealed to the Japanese—the grace of fragility! Nature became dearer to them than ever from the bour when they first realized its evenescence, and fairer realized its ev nescence, and fairer after they had come to understand how much of its beauty is in the seeing

I doubt whether the Japanese have ever formally conceived of the universe as the outcome of a creative thought; but their humlest peasants realize, to a degree inconceivable by ours, the splendor of passing phenomena, the de-ceitful brevity of life and the joy of being able to dwell in our own imagin-ings, as the swift river bears us away, tions is not one of degree but of kind.
The Shintoist mirror has reflected the image of a prodigious national vanity, of the most beaming spirit of self-

py so small a place in their thoughts. They grudge them neither gardens, fountains, hills nor forests; and purchase by their hospitality the right to leave them alone.

Never question a Japanese about his religious convictions. You would be asking him what he has probably never asked himself. He never feels the need of sharing his plety with those about him. That plety is curiously reason and in who was traveling in foreign parts. congregation listened attentively to their silence. I will not vouch for this, but no Japanese whom I have questioned about it ever seemed to consider it improbable. It symbolizes to perfection, at all events, the choicest luxury of the Buddhist—that of vountary hallucination hallucination. BUDDHIST REINCARNATION. But Buddhism has gone beyond this.

Having first dissovied nature in a perpetual stream of phenomena, it reduced the soul also to the condition of limpid water composed of millions of molecules giving back reflections, traversed by passing shadows. At death the soul is decomposed, resolved into its elements and evaporates, But we its elements and evaporates. But we have an invincible desire to live which results in reincarnation. It is not the ego which transmigrates into other shapes; it is the result of our actions. The balance between good and evil which our lives maintain at the moment of extinction constitutes the germ of a new existence. What we are is derived from what we have been, We no more remember the former things than in dreams we remember other dreams which have ravished or things than in dreams we remember other dreams which have ravished or tortured us before. Our reincarnations are but the dreams—lovely or terrible as the case may be—of that principle within us which wills to live. When at last we attain deliverance, that is to say, when we wake, our births, our lives, our deaths will all births, our lives, our deaths will all unroll before our unscaled eyes their pleasures and their pangs. It is the

implacable law of the "Karma."

Here, then, we touch upon an essential difference between ourselves and the Japanese. We believe in the conscious identity of the human individ-ual. They do not, I know they seem to live as though they believed it. The people at large have assuredly never ssimilated these profound theories; all they retain therefrom are the ideas of pre-existence and reincarnation. These ideas have power over their hearts. They have coined proverbs, inspired popular songs, created idloms and metaphors. Social intercourse, even, has been modified by their influence. The thought that the criminal's crime is but his heritage from a preceding life has often caused the sword to drop from the hands of the avenger. The sufferings whose injustice appears so revolting to us, are accepted by the so revolting to us, are accepted by the Japanese with resignation, through a varue feeling that doubtless he had deserved them in a previous existence. Love strikes us like a bolt from the blue. We have sudden reminiscences. They mean that the sweetheart of today was the love of long ago. The shan of our brief life cannot satisfy our deep craving for tenderness and devotion. Our affections, varieting for a bit of Our affections, yearning for a bit of gions of the life to come. Fathers and children are bound to one another for one life; husband and wife for two; mester and servants for three; but lov-ers, in their divine rachness, make vows for five, six and seven lives.

### SENTIMENTS OF BUDDHISM.

The Japanese accept the "great mystery of ethics" as Christians accept the mysteries of their faith. Under the old social order where the chief end of man was not to differ from other men, where the received code permitted neither the holding nor the bequeathing of private property, the mystic unity of the Buddhist creed was translated into civil communism. Marvel not that these folk have no conception either of liberty, or of "charity" so-called; for these are individualist ideas. They will appeal from them to gentleness, to resignation, or rather, to quote Schopenhauer's admirable treatise on sympathy, "they will ask for grace instead of justice, leading us back to that point of view whence all things appear merged in one." The consequence of all this is that their legends and romances often take what seem to us rather shocking turns. I remember one tragle story where the lover, who has been heroically deceived by the woman who is in his power, slips into her house under cover of night with intent to murder her husband, and, by mistake, murders her instead. In his consternation he her instead. In his consternation he goes the next day and casts himself down at his rival's feet, confessing his crime, and offering him the bloody sabre. But the husband recoils, exclaiming. "How could I slay one who loved her?". Just fancy the factor her?". Just fancy the feelings of re-pulsion and disgust which such a scene would excite if offered without com-ment to one of our audiences! The end of the story was that the husband and the lover both retired to a Buddh-

This mighty power of sympathy often produces virtues as beautiful and pure as any Christian ones. But something always remains unexpressed. Buddhism knows naught of effusion-that im-petuous and charming overflow of the heart which makes its way irresistibly into other hearts. Its gospel is one of silence. Grief does not cry out in Jap-an, nor love indulge in transports; bereavement smiles and abnegation ut-ters no sound. The seeming isolation of souls in this country is comprehen-sible from the moment one realizes gold-lacquer marvels to the humblest that all its souls are but a single one, of household utensils, from brocaded silks to simple cotton stuffs, from lord-ly parks to tiny miniature gardens, the innermost being. They excel in the art of saying nothing when they speak. A European resident once told me that for fifteen years, during which he had been a frequent guest in a certain house, he had never yet surprised the faintest sign of affection between husband and wife. The deferential and silent woman, and the haughty, teclturn man, actually seemed to have nothing in commen save the roof that covered them. They did not sat together, they did not go out together, they had no apparent community of pleasures or of dreams. But eventually the man fell ill, and his case was pronounced hopeless. "I was there," said my compatriot. "when he was struck with death. He took his wife's head very gently in both hands and laid it for one instant upon his shoulder.
Then their wet eyes met, and such a look of love passed between them as I have never seen elsewhere."

The incredible power of silence which the Japanese possess irradiates their self-renunciation with a sorrowful smile and infinitely prolongs each act of sacrifice. They devise exquisite agate their sensibility as they do their material wealth. A European, married to a Japanese woman, had a little son who was simply adored by his wife's brother. The baby died, and the maternal uncle, who had gone the ball barth of Tokio daily to sit he whole length of Tokio daily to sit by its bedside, heard the sad tidings with a

(Continued on page twenty.)



Thursday was Decoration Day, the most impressive holiday in the American carendar. The above strikingly realistic photograph is sadly appropriate for this year's observance of our great memorial day. Many a griefstricken widow or heartbroken sweetheart Thursday mourned the loss of some beloved hero who has fallen on a far away Tagal battlefield fighting for the honor of his country and the glory of his flag. All over the country venerating relatives dropped flowers upon the graves of departed heroes. This year many newly dug graves to be found among the last resting places of warrior patriots of a past generation, gave to the holiday a ^^^^

This people, so enamored of the grace

of running water, of the stones which

it polishes, and the vapors which it exhales, declines to relegate its dead

where the

underworld,

pride. But this very pride, which is insufferable when they attempt to philosophize, becomes in the hearts of the lowly only a conservative instinct, and a sacred love of their natal soil, Japanese thought-presumptuous and ster-ile though it be-has living roots of an exquisite delicacy. To estimate it at its worth is to discover the secret of the country. If Shintoism paralyzes speculative faculty in man, it also enables him to grasp two or three sential principles, of which the form is made perfect by practice, and which have sufficed for the development, if not of a great people, at least of a lovable, healthful and even power-

### FUNDAMENTAL RITE OF HY-

GIENE. Without Bible or dogma, or promise of a future life, Shintoism holds its dis-ciple to the earth, and bounds his vision by the objects that surround him. Those objects are beautiful. Men tread, in a sort of tranquil ecstasy, the flowery "way of the gods," which climbs mountains and drops into valleys, but is never lost to view. Hills, dales, forests, bright glimpses of islands upon the bosom of the deep-all take their color from the passing seatake their color from the passing sea-son—the dark green of summer, the autumnal crimson. Snow falls in springtime, upon the sacred way, and winter has its perfumes. Even the thunderbolts of nature are launched with a smile. Amid all this light and beauty the first necessity of the human being is to render himself worthy of it by scrumlous cleanliness of body. He by scrupulous cleanliness of body. dreads anything lige a stain-the stain of birth and the stain of death-all, in short, which is able to deface the ideal he pursues of brilliant and perfect san-Hence the fundamental rite of Shin-

toism was a system of hygiene. The endless purifications accompanying birth and following upon funerals are among the most persistent of the ancient customs. Sait is habitually scattered about a sick-chamber and over the persons of those returning from a burial. Salt is an explatory antiseptic. Religious ablutions have transformed themselves into daily home baths From the emperor down to the hun blest kurumaya, every Jap takes his morning dip. Dirt, whether on the person or in the surroundings, is a scandal; a mark of negligence and al-most of sacrilege. For the gods are omnipresent and the word kami is applied not alone to creative divinities and the higher orders of men. The mountain is kami; the stormy sea is

shades go moaning because they Whether the worship of the dead preceded all other forms of wor I do not know; nor how long it the human race to bridge the abyss between itself and them by the traditional chain of phantoms. But the shint ism which proclaimed the electial origin of the Japanese people ade haste to confound the dead with the gods who created the country. The dead are the dearest and most revered of their kami. To them are confided the succession of the seasons, the management of wind and rain, and of good and bad fortune. They rule the realm of the living, and live themselves an intangible but very real life. They smell the flowers that have been cullefor them, and quench their thirst at the cup of cold water poured out for their behoof. They love music, daneing-everything, in short, which propi-tiates the celestial divinities. The very best painted of Japanese life, Lafcadio Hearn, tells us the authentic story of a danseuse whose lover died, and who every night, in her solitary cot, at the when he had been wont to visit her, used to put on her most beautiful apparel and smile and dance by lamp-light before his funeral tablet. This rpetual miracle of the real presence the dead, causes a prodigious devel-

pment among these people of the wake, walk and talk in the sociof spirits. The dead act upon the ng, and the living react upon them, the world of sense is inextricably d up with the supernatural one. Official Journal informs us, from to time, that the manes of a galnt soldier have been promoted, of at the emperor has conferred a highrank on some deceased person whose n has distinguished himself, Europeans laughing over such ughing at the poet who said of his secutors: "If I write their history, by will descend from me!" Europeans

tholics their saints], and do they not honor their famous dead by public pro-motions in bronze or marble? The ancient legislators of Japan, who their parents, were but incorporating in the civil code the moral law of Shintoism. And in those remote times when a man might sell himself without kami; the stormy sea is incurring any infamy by the sacrifice of his personal liberty for laudable flower, the stone, which all had the motives, it was nevertheless decread

ave their own Pantheons [and the

ghosts are in the least like our spirits of darkness. If the Japanese mind has arrived at the conception of a cer-tain dualism in nature it has never If the Japanese mind imagined evil, absolute and eternal The Spirits of Perversity, as they are called, are not seeking to compass the ruin of the living. They are even, in some sort, sacred, because their influ-ence, though malign, is an element in the national atmosphere. Moreover the harmful exhaltations of certain isolated tombs are carried off and rendered innocuous by that broadly be nevolent spirit which is the breath of life in Japan.

fe in Japan. I once knew, in South America, peasant's son who became rich and powerful and built himself a palatial residence, surrounded by a wonderful portico. In the very center of the doportico. In the very center of the co-main, however, there was a poor little cabin, and in it an old woman sat and it was the but where the rich man was born, and the old woman was born, and the old woman was his mo ther. And, in like manner, the Japa-nese, despite the influx of Buddhist to the gods of the soil their first lowly dwelling, which, though little better than a stable, is yet their traditional sanctuary. It is the sacred love of sanctuary. It is the sacred love of country which renders imposing these beams hewn in the forest, these pebbles polished by the waves, this thatch grown in the glebe. Sophists, confused by bad humanitarian dreams, have pre-tended that patriotism is an element of division, but I know well that if I had it not I should be farther removed even than now from these men who are so allen to me in education and in race. Love of country is the great interpreter of hearts, and by this all comprehend

## CONFUCIUS AND BUDDHA.

But the doctrine of Confucius, once imported into Japan, was bound to be-come speedily naturalized, for the very reason that the cult of the Shinto, barren upon the speculative side. tained the germ of a kind of religious positivism. A memorandum was drawn up of the new articles of belief; but the Samurais of Japan, clinging heart and soul to the old Shintoist faith, were content to spell out its formulas from the Chinese bible.

But though Buddhism was easily and peacefully acclimatized among these vain and optimistic islanders, and came soon to overshadow their whole social life, there would have been something almost miraculous about the change, were it not that Buddhism is so often